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visions could take wing and beat above exalted scenery and descend in virgin fields.

It is these qualities that his books manifest, as this slight and insufficient quotation from *A Booklover's Holidays in the Open* will show :

The man must have youth and strength who seeks adventure in the wide, waste spaces of the earth, in the marshes, among the vast mountain masses, in the northern forests, amid the steaming jungles of the tropics, or on the deserts of sand or of snow. He must long greatly for the lonely winds that blow across the wilderness, for the sunrise and sunset over the rim of the empty world. . . . The beauty and charm of the wilderness are his for the asking. . . . He can see the red splendor of desert sunsets, and the unearthly glory of the afterglow on the battlements of desolate mountains. In sapphire gulfs of ocean he can visit islets, above which the wings of myriads of sea-fowl make a kind of cuneiform script in the air. . . .

The joy of living is his who has the heart to demand it.

Through that classic, *African Game Trails*, as through his other works, runs the poetic understanding and felicity of imagery which will serve to make Roosevelt's genuine contributions live. His gift for description may be exemplified thus :

Two or three days later I left the woods. The weather had grown colder. The loons had begun to gather on the larger lakes in preparation for their southward flight. The nights were frosty. Fall was in the air. Once there was a flurry of snow. Birch and maple were donning the bravery with which they greet the oncoming north; crimson and gold their banners flaunted in the eyes of the dying year.

The hearts of these two men, Burroughs and Roosevelt, beat in the direction of Nature. There they discovered that lasting glamour and beauty which only he who has heard the sighing of the pines, the hymn of the larks, and felt the perfect concinnity of her comradeship, can appreciate.

Will you let me thank Mr. Burroughs through you for the satisfying essay in the January REVIEW.

WILLIAM GAMALIEL SHEPARD.

Guinea Mills, Va.

WE REAFFIRM IT

SIR.—In your article on the dissolution of the Empire of Germany it is asserted that in the course of the last sixty years Germany has failed to produce "one great spiritual leader, or, indeed, one great free intellectual leader." The inference is that this condition is the result of the coalition, and the dominating influence of Prussia in the policies of the Empire.

As I have heretofore understood it, the troubles incident to the act of federation were dynastic in their origin; and that the union produced no essential change in the social and intellectual life of its peoples. In other words, the federation was purely political in its character. If the sovereignty of our States should be absorbed in complete centralization of the Government, a Pennsylvanian would think, worship and attend to his business as before that event took place; his children would have the same privileges and opportunities as before. Has the Empire denied the German any such, or has it abridged his

liberty? In the sense that we are a federated republic, Germany is a federated Monarchy. Am I incorrect in this assumption?

If not, your statements are not susceptible of proof, and involve a contradiction. In modern Germany, as in other civilized nations, advancement in "material sciences, industry and commerce" goes hand in hand with advancement in the "things of the mind and spirit." This subject has been treated in Guizot's *History of Civilization in Modern Europe* in the first chapter. It is absurd to assert that Germany's progress in the last sixty years has been one-sided.

The comparison is not entirely fair; it should be made to include other civilized peoples. If it can be shown that Germany alone can show no great names to set against those of a period antedating 1848, there would be some justification for your conclusions; but even so, I am still unconvinced that the cause could be found in the political status of its peoples. But can this be done? Who are such in England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Japan; where are ours? The Graces are not prodigal with their gifts; Nature does not produce giants every so many years.

I believe your statements to be inaccurate, and I will be glad to have you enlarge on this subject in a later issue. There must be a number of your subscribers, besides myself, to whom a paper would be of interest.

Orwigsburg, Pa.

LIN B. ZULICK.

HIGH THINKING AT HIRAM HILL

SIR.—Mr. Harrison Rhodes' impressions of the high thinking and very plain living practiced in Civil War times at the academy on Hiram Hill, to which you give a place in a recent issue, are very timely. It seems not less so to enlarge upon Mr. Rhodes' good word for the results of the study of Latin at that humble institution. The following letter was written by the room-mate who shared the corn-meal mush with the senior Rhodes, to a friend who afterwards died, "in the service," of camp fever:

Wadsworth, Feb. 26, 1861.

My dear Gust:

. . . I am studying some, reading Tacitus. I shall finish twenty-four pages today. His treatise upon the Germans, which I am reading, is very interesting indeed. We study history, after all, as men make geographical discoveries. We begin with the nation, and go back to the tribe in the forest; the geographer begins at the mouth of the river, and traces it till he finds the spring from which it flows in the mountains. Two years ago I read Motley, now I am working my way through Tacitus. Do you not find an especial delight in tracing thoughts to their source—to go back till you can say, "There that idea originated"? At such a moment you have a feeling akin to that which Bruce felt at the sources of the Nile. Here arises, I think, a larger share of the pleasure we experience in reading the classics. I read Motley.—Motley had studied Tacitus. History and its attendant studies afford me my greatest pleasure; and I take the most pleasure in standing just upon the border land—between light and darkness—just as the sun is coming up; where I can see the night fleeing and the day advancing. I think I am safe in saying that in all departments of human inquiry the questions of greatest interest always arise just where the known shades into the unknown. I think it is true in history. I find Tacitus graphic; and can easily understand what Rufus Choate meant when he called him the "Macaulay of the Ancients." When I have read the four pages remaining, I shall not study any more here.